



MONTE HALE

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

10¢

# Monte Hale

## WESTERN



**MONTE HALE**  
THE **BIGGEST** AND **BOLDEST**  
REAL-LIFE COWBOY OF THEM ALL  
**6 ft. 5 in.** OF **SOLID MUSCLE**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

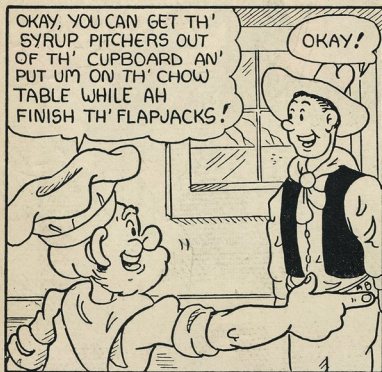


# CHUCK WAGON GUS



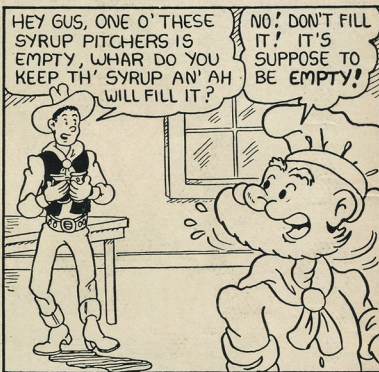
OKAY, YOU CAN GET TH' SYRUP PITCHERS OUT OF TH' CUPBOARD AN' PUT UM ON TH' CHOW TABLE WHILE AH FINISH TH' FLAPJACKS!

OKAY!



HEY GUS, ONE O' THESE SYRUP PITCHERS IS EMPTY, WHAR DO YOU KEEP TH' SYRUP AN' AH WILL FILL IT?

NO! DON'T FILL IT! IT'S SUPPOSE TO BE EMPTY!



HUH? BUT WHY IS ONE OF UM SUPPOSE TO BE EMPTY?

BOY, IS YOU STUPID!



NATURALLY, THAT'S FOR TH' GUYS THET DON'T LIKE SYRUP ON THEIR FLAPJACKS!





# MONTE HALE WESTERN



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

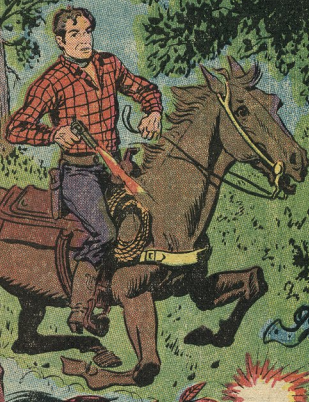
ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This Is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

## MONTE HALE

## and the UNKNOWN BONANZA

Chapter ONE  
THE BOTANICAL MENACE



**W**HAT IS THE UNKNOWN BONANZA? WHAT MYSTERIOUS WEALTH LIES HIDDEN IN THE WILD FOREST? AS A PIONEER FAMILY OF HOMESTEADERS SEEKS TO BUILD A HOME IN THE WILDWOOD, RUTHLESS OUTLAWS STRIKE, AND ONLY MONTE HALE CAN FOIL THEM! THE GIANT COWBOY HERO SMASHES AGAINST ALL HAZARDS AND DANGERS IN THE STRANGEST MYSTERY OF THE WEST!



**I**NTO THE SILENT HUSH OF THE WILDWOODS, RIDES THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF MONTE HALE, COWBOY ADVENTURER OF THE WEST!



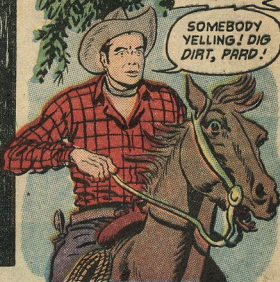
LOOKS LIKE A VIRGIN FOREST, PARTNER! PLENTY WILD!

I RECKON THIS IS ALL UNEXPLORED! PROBABLY NOT A SOUL AROUND FOR A HUNDRED MILES!



**B**UT MONTE IS WRONG, FOR SUDDENLY....

**EUREKA!**



SOMEBODY YELLING! DIG DIRT, PARD!

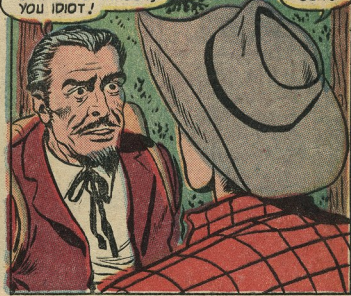


**EUREKA!**

WHAT'S WRONG?

WHAT'S WRONG? I WASN'T YELLING FOR HELP! I SAID---**EUREKA!** I'M IN NO DANGER, YOU IDIOT!

RECKON I JUMPED THE GUN!



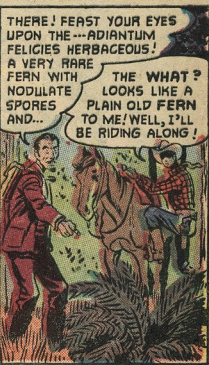
BUT WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ALONE IN THIS WILD NECK OF THE WOODS?

I'M JONAS PURDY, BOTANIST! I'M LOOKING FOR RARE BOTANICAL SPECIMENS!



DID YOU FIND SOME RARE PLANT?

I STUMBLED ACROSS THE-- UH--WELL, IT'S--UH--!



THERE! FEAST YOUR EYES UPON THE---ADIANTUM FELIGIES HERBACEOUS! A VERY RARE FERN WITH NODULATE SPORES AND...

THE WHAT? LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN OLD FERN TO ME! WELL, I'LL BE RIDING ALONG!



WELL, THAT WAS A SURPRISE, PARD!  
BUT I RECKON WE WON'T MEET ANY  
MORE FOLKS IN THIS WILDER--

WHAT--AGAIN?  
I'M BEGINNING TO  
THINK THIS WOODS IS  
CRAMMED WITH  
PEOPLE! MAKE  
TRACKS, PARD!

HELP!

HELP!

A WILDCAT!  
IT'S GOING AFTER  
THE GIRL!

SHOOTING WON'T STOP HIS  
LEAP--BUT THIS WILL!

NOW GET!  
THANK HEAVEN YOU  
CAME ALONG, SIR!

MONTE HALE AT YOUR  
SERVICE, MAM! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN THIS  
WILD FOREST?

MY NAME  
IS BETTY  
DOBBINSON!  
I'M HERE WITH  
MY FAMILY!

SO YOU'RE HOME-  
STEADERS MAKING  
A HOME OUT OF  
THE WILDERNESS!  
AND ACCORDING TO  
THE HOMESTEADING  
ACT, YOU'LL OWN  
THIS WHOLE SECTION  
IF YOU STICK IT  
OUT!

YES, WE'RE  
CLEARING  
PART OF THE  
FOREST FOR  
FARMLAND  
AND BUILD-  
ING OUR  
OWN LOG  
CABIN!

BANG!

MY PA, CLEM DOBBINSON!  
AND MY MA, MIRANDA!

HOWDY! I ADMIRE BRAVE  
FOLKS LIKE YOU! YOU'RE  
MAKING THE WEST  
GREAT!

GRAB SKY,  
MISTER! GOT  
A DEAD BEAR  
ON YOU!

OH, YES, AND MY  
BROTHER TOMMY!  
RIGHT NOW HE'S A  
SHERIFF! LAST WEEK  
HE WAS A RAILROAD  
ENGINEER!

STAY  
AND HAVE  
VITTLES  
WITH US,  
MONTE!

I SURE WILL,  
MA DOBBINSON!  
I'D BE A FOOL TO  
PASS UP THAT  
INVITATION!





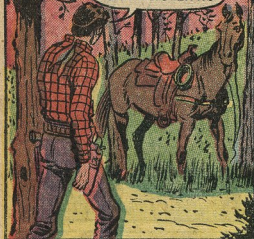
**P**UZZLED AT THE SINISTER MYSTERY, MONTE HALE SEARCHES UNTIL.....





**B**Y THE TIME MONTE CLEARS HIS SMARTING EYES....

GONE! BUT WHAT WAS HIS BIG STRIKE? I'LL SASHAY AROUND THE FOREST AND SEE IF I CAN UNCOVER IT!



**B**UT LATER, AFTER A WIDE SEARCH...

NO SIGNS OF ANYTHING VALUABLE! THERE'S NOTHING BUT PLAIN BLACK DIRT ALL OVER THIS WOODS! PURDY'S BONANZA HAS ME STUMPED! BUT I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE DOBBINSONS! PURDY MAY STRIKE AGAIN!



**M**EANWHILE, BACK AT THE CABIN, THE GUNNING BOTANIST IS ALREADY AT WORK!

THESE RARE AND DANGEROUS POPPIES HAVE AN OVERPOWERING SCENT WHEN CRUSHED DUE TO A DEADLY DRUG IN THEM! THE FUMES WILL SOON OVERCOME THE FAMILY!



**S**OON, AS THE FATAL FLOWERS DO THEIR WORK.....

GOSH, I FEEL TIRED AND SLEEPY...

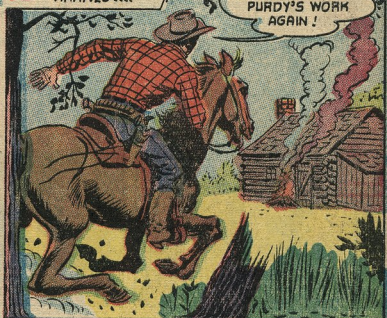
DIZZY--NEED FRESH AIR... OHHHHHH...



IT WORKED! THEY ALL FELL INTO A COMA! NOW WITH THE CABIN ON FIRE, THEY'LL BURN TO DEATH!

**A**ND WHEN MONTE ARRIVES....

FIRE! THIS IS PURDY'S WORK AGAIN!



**I**N A FEW MINUTES....

WET GREENS CAN SMOOTHER A FIRE! THERE! THEY SNUFFED IT OUT BEFORE IT REALLY SPREAD OVER THE CABIN!



**L**ATER, AS MONTE BRINGS THEM OUT IN THE OPEN AIR....

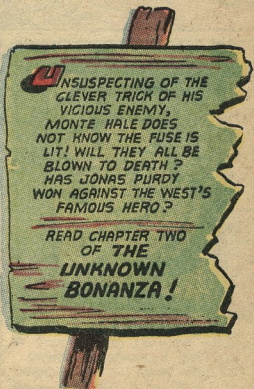
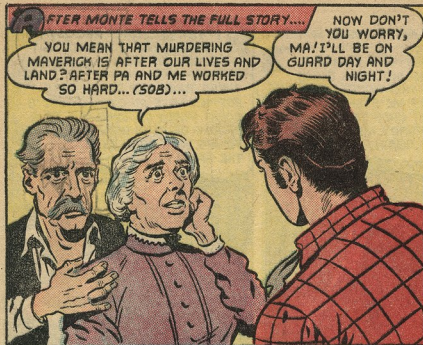
MONTE! YOU SAVED US AND OUR CABIN!

WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON CONSTANT GUARD AGAINST PURDY FROM NOW ON! I GUESS PARDNER AND I WILL STAY A WHILE!



UNCONSCIOUS! IF I TAKE TIME TO CARRY THEM ALL OUT, THE FIRE WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO SPREAD AND BURN DOWN THE WHOLE CABIN! BUT I KNOW A WAY!







# SAM the SHERIFF



PECOS PETE! AH  
BEEN A LOOKIN' FER  
YOU ALL! DRAW!



AHA! GOT THE  
DROP ON YUH BUCK!  
NOW YUH DIE!

HEY WAIT,  
PECOS! AH  
CAIN'T GIT  
MAH GUN  
OUT!



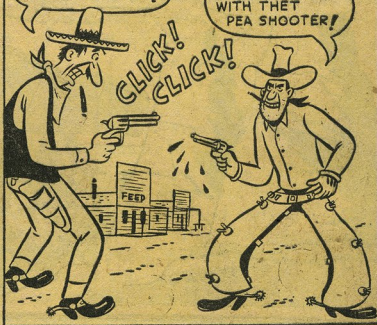
THET AIN'T NO EXCUSE,  
BUCK! START A SAYIN'  
YORE PRAYERS, BOY!

SOME DIRTY  
COYOTE POURED  
MOLASSAS IN  
MAH HOLSTER



YEOW! I'M  
OUT OF BULLETS!

AH KNEW YUH  
COULDN'T HIT  
WITH THET  
PEA SHOOTER!



DROP THEM GUNS, YUH  
HOMBRES! THIS IS THE  
LAW A TALKIN'!  
WHOA, NELL!



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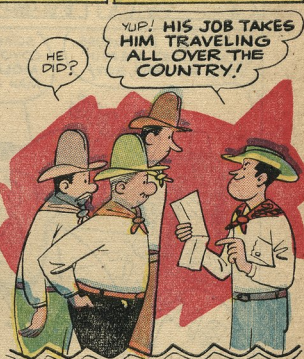
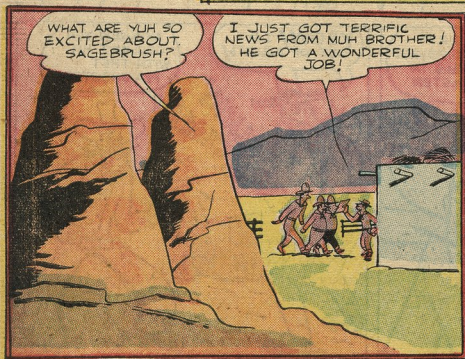
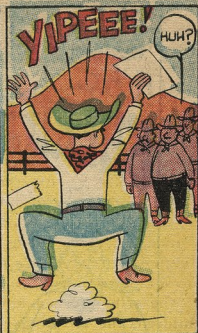
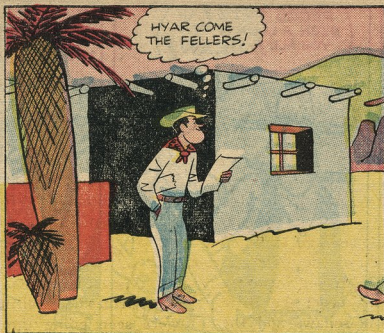
GOL-DURNED, NELL, AH AIN'T  
NEVER GONNA ARREST ANY  
OF THESE HOMBRES IF  
YUH DON'T LEARN TO  
WHOA!







"KEEPS MOVING!"





# SEEDS OF FRIENDSHIP

## A Gray Hawk Story



IT WAS A San-To, the planting moon, and all of the tribespeople of the Otapi were busy in their fields planting the spring crop of maize. Carefully they plowed and loosened the rich black soil, then planted the little yellow grains one by one! All of the members of the tribe worked at this task; the little children, the striplings, the squaws and the husky grown warriors. Side by side bent young Gray Hawk and his chieftain father Gray Eagle.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horse riding up, and the men of the Otapi straightened, instantly alert. There had been rumors of the Shawanga, a distant plains tribe, going on the warpath—and they had to be prepared for trouble. But this was no Shawanga, but a white farmer. Clad in brown homespun, with a shaggy yellow beard that fell to his chest, he reined his giant plowhorse in and waved a hand in friendly greeting.

"Howdy," he called. "I'm Tom Cooley, gents. Been farming forty acres down near Fort Patterson! My corn seed went mouldy in the overland trip so I thought I'd come by to see if you'd lend . . . or sell me some. Soldiers over at the fort said you Otapi were peaceable!"

Gray Eagle spoke in reply, his face expressionless. "We are peaceable, white man, but we will not lend or sell you our maize. Why should we help you take over our land? No!"

As the broad-shouldered chief turned away, his son caught at his arm. "But father," Gray Hawk protested, "this white man is friendly! We should be neighborly with him! Let us give him enough maize seed to make a first crop!"

Gray Eagle scowled at his impetuous son. "No!" he said, "it is our will . . . the will of the elders of the Otapi. Now, white man, go!"

Tom Cooley rode off, disappointed. But late that afternoon, when he reached the crude log cabin that he called home, he found Gray Hawk waiting for him with a deerskin filled with corn seed. The Indian youth explained

that he was doing this against the will of the elders because he believed it to be right! He would accept nothing in payment, but hurried off swiftly through the forest . . .

When Gray Hawk arrived at the camp of the Otapis, he found his father and several other tribesmen waiting for him grimly. "You were seen going into the forest carrying a heavy deerskin," the chief began. "Where is that skin, my son?"

Silently, the boy held it forward. The chief examined it, turned it inside-out, and frowned to see several tiny corn seeds drop from its creases. "So . . ." he said heavily, "you disobeyed our will, Gray Hawk . . ."

The youth drew himself up, proudly and ram-rod stiff. His eyes scanned the bitter suspicious countenance of his elders. As one, they stared at him. "Yes—I did," he replied eagerly. "I know that the white men have treated us badly in the past, but these settlers who have begun to farm near Fort Patterson wish to live only in peace. We should help them and live side by side with them! I brought him the maize; it was my own. I had raised it last year. Am I to be punished for that?"

As he confronted the surly older warriors of the tribe, there was a moment of tense silence!

Then, suddenly, a shriek rent the air, and an eagle-feathered shaft fell to the ground at their feet! It was striped red and black, the war token of the Shawanga tribe! Evidently the plains warriors *had* decided to attack! Even now they circled the Otapi village, stalking behind bushes and scrub trees! Their tomahawks were in hand, their arrow notches fitted to their taut bowstrings. The tribe was in grave danger . . .

"Quick!" shouted Gray Eagle, "take cover! Squaws and papooses in the community tepees! You braves—get behind those boulders! Hold the Shawanga off!"

Swiftly, the warriors of the Otapi raced to do their leader's bidding.



All thought of his impending punishment forgotten, Gray Hawk found himself behind a gnarled oak with two other Otapi braves. In the forest that surrounded the village lurked the war-painted party of Shawanga fighters. Many in number, fierce and powerful, they were a dreadful foe. Now the arrows began to hiss through the air and the long lances with barbs that were like a pickerel's backbone! More than one Otapi fighter fell forward, choking on his lifeblood, as the Shawanga braves shouted cruel cries of triumph. But the invaders were not going unscathed! Again and again, the accurate fire of the Otapi archers struck home and Otapi tomahawks clove the skulls of those Shawanga warriors who were unwary enough to venture into waiting ambushes . . .

So the battle continued equally as nightfall crept over the forest. The Otapi elders gathered in worried consultation, leaving a few sentries to guard against surprise attacks. "We are in deadly peril," husked Gray Eagle. "The attack was too sudden—we had no time to fetch water or food to the village in special stores. If they continue to encircle us we will soon run out of water! We will grow weak and they will triumph! They are too many for us even now, for several of our young braves are off on hunting trips . . ."

Gray Hawk lifted his head eagerly. "Perhaps I could get down to the creek to fetch water, father," he began. "Or perhaps I might even get through the Shawanga lines, to fetch help . . ."

His father shook his head grimly. "No chance of that! They would be too clever—too alert, to let you pass by. And even if you could get through—who could we call upon for help? Our hunting parties are too far away. No, we must fight it out ourselves!"

So it went! Through the next day and night, they fought off the persistent Shawanga attacks. But now the food was all gone and the water too! Already the pangs of thirst were beginning to weaken the tired Otapi braves who had been without rest for so long. Now the enemy warriors were beginning to gather for another deadly assault! Gray Hawk and the others could see them flitting through the bushes in greater numbers. Evidently they had been joined by reinforcements! Could there be any stopping them?

Again a red and black striped arrow streaked through the air—and the attack was on!

But suddenly, as the Shawanga filled the air with jubilant boasts of triumph, a new sound was heard!

It was the thin, brassy blast of a trumpet—and with it came a storm of blue-coated white men! Army troopers from Fort Patterson suddenly blazed through the brush, firing their heavy Springfield rifles at the surprised Shawanga attackers! Given new hope, the Otapi rushed forward, sending deadly volleys of arrows at the Shawanga. Caught between two merciless attacks, the plains Indians wavered, and then, shrieking in fear, fled. A few of them were cut down in flight, but the others stampeded safely into the forest, leaving their weapons behind, flung to every side . . .

Up rode a white officer, reining in his excited bay.

"Chief!" he shouted, spying Gray Eagle, "glad to see we got here in time! We've had orders to prevent marauding among the Indian tribes in this section—but we sure wouldn't have known about this in time to act if it hadn't been for Tom Cooley here!"

He waved a thumb at the big, yellow-bearded farmer who ran up, clutching a long musket. "Shucks," Cooley exclaimed, "I started to come up here yesterday to thank you folks for the store of corn the boy left me when I heard sounds of a battle. As soon as I saw you were being attacked by the Shawanga, I figured they'd want to know about it at Fort Patterson. So I hurried over there and the captain and his boys volunteered to put a stop to the ruckus. I reckon if you really want to thank someone, Chief, it'd be the boy yonder!"

**A**LL EYES turned toward Gray Hawk, standing battle-stained and weary.

The chief put a hand on his son's shoulder and said proudly, "It is not the first time we owe him thanks for saving our tribe! But this time, he has taught us something new—that seeds of corn may also be seeds of friendship!"

THE END

Follow GRAY HAWK'S adventures in future  
issues of MONTE HALE WESTERN

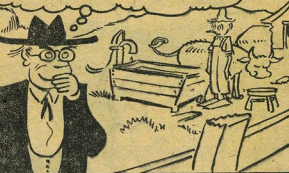




THE WORST PART ABOUT RUNNING FOR OFFICE IS ALL THE TIME I HAVE TO WASTE VISITING THESE FARMERS AND CHEWING THE RAG WITH THEM SO THEY'LL VOTE FOR ME!



THAT'S FARMER SMITH! HE'S PRETTY INFLUENTIAL AROUND HYAR! I'D LIKE TO GET IN HIS GOOD GRACES! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL MILK HIS COW FOR HIM! HE'LL BE SO GRATEFUL HE'LL TELL EVERYBODY TO VOTE FOR ME!



HOWDY, FARMER SMITH! I'D BE RIGHT HONORED IF YUH'D LET ME MILK YORE COW FOR YUH! DO YUH MIND?



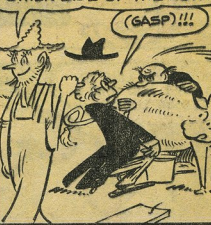
COURSE NOT! GO RIGHT AHEAD!

ER, I SUPPOSE MY POOR OPPONENT HAS BEEN ELECTIONEERING AROUND THESE PARTS?

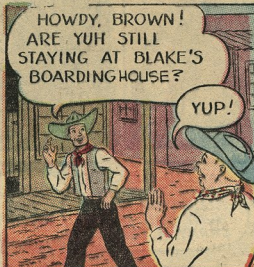


SHORE THING..

...HE'S MILKING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COW!

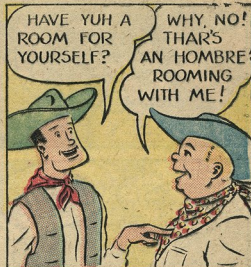


(GASP)!!!



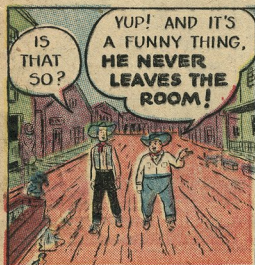
HOWDY, BROWN! ARE YUH STILL STAYING AT BLAKE'S BOARDINGHOUSE?

YUP!



HAVE YUH A ROOM FOR YOURSELF?

WHY, NO! THAT'S AN HOMBRE ROOMING WITH ME!



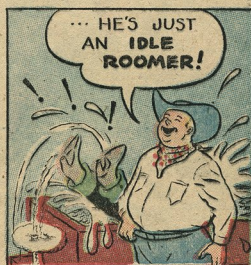
IS THAT SO?

YUP! AND IT'S A FUNNY THING, HE NEVER LEAVES THE ROOM!



HUH? HOW COME HE DOESN'T LEAVE THE ROOM? DOESN'T HE WORK?

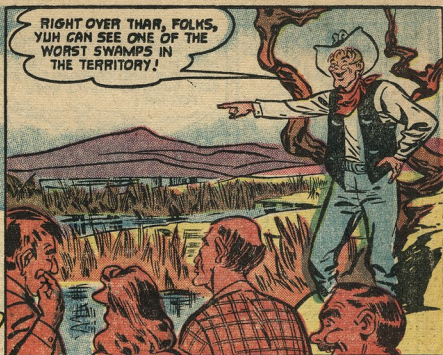
NO...



... HE'S JUST AN IDLE ROOMER!



# OLD SLICK





# MONTE HALE

## and *The* UNKNOWN BONANZA

### Chapter Two—BATTLE AT THE CABIN

**T**HE DYNAMITE  
FUSE BURNS  
SHORTER AND  
SHORTER!  
ONLY SECONDS  
REMAIN BEFORE  
THE BLAST WILL  
SNUFF OUT THE  
LIVES OF MONTE HALE  
AND THE PIONEER  
FAMILY!  
AND THEY ARE  
UNWARE OF  
THEIR DOOM!

ALL SAFE,  
MONTE?

NO SIGN OF  
PURDY, BETTY!  
ALL CLEAR!

THE EXPLOSION  
IS ALMOST  
DUE!



**B**UT  
PARDNER,  
WITH THE  
KEEN  
SENSES  
OF AN  
INTELLIGENT  
HORSE,  
KNOWS  
THERE IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG!

WHINNYYYYY

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PARDNER?  
WHOA, BOY! WHEN YOU ACT LIKE  
THIS IT MEANS DANGER, BUT  
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING  
AROUND! I GUESS YOU'RE  
JUST FRISKY!

PARDNER, HAVE YOU GONE  
LOCO? WHERE ARE YOU PULLING  
ME? WAIT! THAT NOISE--!

SSSSSS



IT'S DYNAMITE--READY TO GO OFF!  
THERE'S NO TIME FOR ANYONE TO RUN  
OUT OF RANGE! THERE'S NO TIME FOR  
ANYTHING EXCEPT---



--- TO GRAB IT UP! IF IT GOES  
OFF IN MY HANDS, WE'RE  
DONE FOR!



CAN THE COURAGEOUS COWBOY  
FLING IT AWAY IN TIME --OR  
IS IT TOO LATE?

**BOOM!**



JONAS PURDY NEARLY  
BLEW US UP!



I'M GOING  
TO GET THAT  
MURDERER NOW!  
HE MUST BE  
CLOSE BY!

SO THAT'S HOW HE DID IT--  
USING CAMOUFLAGE! I'LL  
RUN HIM DOWN LIKE  
A SNAKE!



MONTE HALE SAVED THEM AGAIN!  
BUT IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO NAB  
ME NOW, HE'S DUE FOR A SURPRISE!  
I'M FULL OF BOTANICAL TRICKS!

I'LL GO THIS  
WAY AND...

**S**UDDENLY....



A THICK VINE! PURDY HAD IT  
STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO TREES  
FOR JUST SUCH A TIME, I RECKON!  
THAT WEED COLLECTOR IS  
CUNNING!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PARD?  
NO BROKEN BONES! WE  
BOTH GOT OFF LUCKY!





AND THAT GIVES US A CHANCE TO  
RUN DOWN PURDY AFTER ALL! THERE  
HE IS! MAKE TRACKS, PARD!

BANG!  
BANG!

**J**ONAS PURDY EMPLOYS ANOTHER  
WILY RUSE!

I'LL CRAWL  
SAFELY THROUGH THESE  
STINGING NETTLES! BUT  
WHEN MONTE HALE RIDES INTO  
THEM, HIS HORSE WILL GO  
WILD AND BUCK HIM OFF!

I'M ON TO HIS TRICKS NOW!  
**JUMP, PARDNER!** CLEAR  
THE STINGING NETTLES  
AND WE'RE SAFE!

NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW, PURDY!  
STOP, OR YOU'LL GET A SLUG IN  
YOUR LEG!

BANG!

DON'T SHOOT!  
I KNOW WHEN  
I'M LICKED!

WAIT!

WHAT?  
WHO---?

DON'T GIVE UP, MISTER! ANY  
HOMBRE ON THE LAM IS  
A FRIEND OF US OUTLAWS!  
WE'LL GET RID OF HIM  
AND SAVE YUH!

**M**ONTE HALE IS TAKEN UNAWARES  
BY THE UNEXPECTED AMBUSH!

MAKE TRACKS, PARD! WE DON'T  
STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE  
HIDDEN GUNS! OF ALL THE LUCK--  
PURDY GETS SAVED BY BADMEN!



**M**EANWHILE, EVIL SOULS MEET!

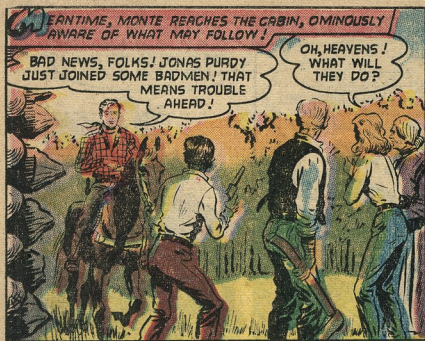
COYOTE CAL'S MY HANDLE, PARD!  
ME AND MY MEN CAME TO THE  
TALL WOODS TO HIDE OUT  
A WHILE!

REAL BADMEN, EH?  
WONDERFUL! I'M JONAS  
PURDY, AND I'VE GOT A  
PROPOSITION FOR YOU  
OUTLAWS!

THIS WOODS IS LOADED WITH  
RICHES! A TERRIFIC BONANZA!  
BUT WE'VE GOT TO KILL OFF  
THOSE HOMESTEADERS! I'LL  
SPLIT MY FIND WITH YOU!  
IS IT A BARGAIN?







**W**HILE MONTA REACHES THE CABIN, OMINOUSLY AWARE OF WHAT MAY FOLLOW!

BAD NEWS, FOLKS! JONAS PURDY JUST JOINED SOME BADMEN! THAT MEANS TROUBLE AHEAD!

OH, HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THEY DO?



**T**HE GRIM ANSWER COMES SOON ENOUGH!

AHHH! ALMOST GOT ME!

SNIPING! TRYING TO PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE!

ZINGGGG



LUCKILY THEY DIDN'T GET THE RANGE YET! BUT HERE'S SOMETHING FOR THEM TO THINK ABOUT!

BANG!

BANG!



YIPES! THAT RANNY IS SNIPING AT US!



**B**UT MONTA HALE REALIZES THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT AND....

IN TO THE CABIN, ALL OF YOU! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE OUTSIDE!



WE'VE GOT TO BARRICADE OURSELVES HERE! GOT GUNS FOR EVERYBODY, PA?

SURE!



I'LL HELP, TOO, MONTA! I'LL HAND OUT AMMUNITION!

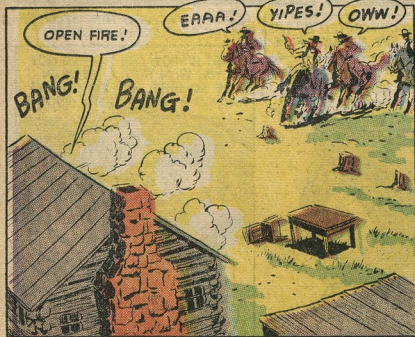
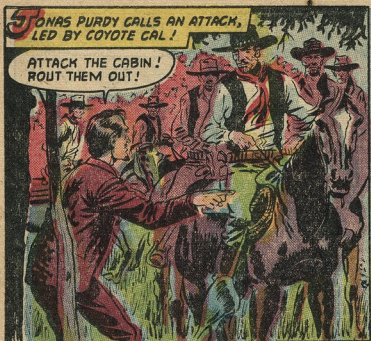
GOOD BOY, TOMMY!



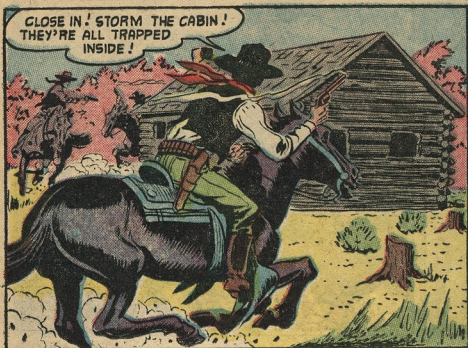
**A** SILENT HUSH FALLS, AS SLOW, AGONIZING SECONDS CRAWL BY!

GOSH, THIS IS JUST LIKE PIONEERS HOLDING THE FORT AGAINST WILD INJUNS!









GLOBE IN! STORM THE CABIN!  
THEY'RE ALL TRAPPED  
INSIDE!



AM I,  
PARD?

BANG!

ULPS! WHO'S SHOOTING AT  
US FROM THE BACK?



MONTE  
HALE!

RIGHT! I SNEAKED OUT  
FROM THE CABIN BEFORE  
TO PULL THIS COUNTER-  
ATTACK!



UTTERLY DISCONCERTED BY THE  
MANEUVER, THE BADMEN FLEE  
ONCE MORE!

THAT JASPER  
ISN'T HUMAN! BACK TO  
THE WOODS!



THE ATTACKERS TAKE STOCK OF  
THE DEADLOCKED SITUATION!

BLAST IT! HOW CAN  
WE WIN WITH THAT  
HALE HOMBRE  
AROUND?

WE'VE GOT  
TO PLAN  
SOMETHING  
REAL GOOD!



MEANWHILE, MORE NERVE-WRACKING  
TIME PASSES FOR THE BESEIGED  
GROUP WITHIN THE CABIN!

WHAT WILL THEY TRY NEXT?  
IF I ONLY KNEW!



I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!  
RECKON I CAN REACH  
THE WOODS UNSEEN,  
FROM STUMP TO  
STUMP!

GOOD  
LUCK,  
MONTE!



SOON...

NOW TO EAVESDROP  
ON THEIR PLANS!



**B**UT TO THE BOTANIST, A TELLTALE GLUE GIVES AWAY MONTE'S PRESENCE!

Hsst! DON'T TURN, COYOTE CAL, BUT THESE FLOATING SEED SPORES SHOW THAT THEIR PODS WERE DISTURBED NEARBY! SOMEBODY SNEAKED UP BACK OF US!

I'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM!



MONTE HALE HIMSELF!



LIGHTS OUT, PARD!

WHOP! OHHH!



**W**HEN MONTE COMES TO....

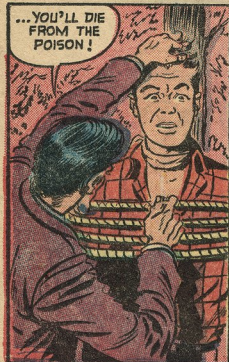
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HALE! YOU MEN ATTACK THE CABIN NOW! WITHOUT HIS HELP, THEY'LL WEAKEN!



NOW, MY FRIEND, I'LL FINISH YOU OFF IN MY OWN SPECIAL BOTANICAL WAY! A FEW DROPS OF DEADLY NIGHTSHADE JUICE ON THIS THORN AND....



...YOU'LL DIE FROM THE POISON!



BUT IT WON'T BE A QUICK DEATH, HALE! THE POISON PRODUCES AGONY AND PAIN FOR FIVE MINUTES BEFORE IT KILLS! YOU'LL BEG ME TO SHOOT YOU BEFORE IT'S OVER!



**I**S IT THE END FOR GALLANT MONTE HALE? HAVING ESCAPED DEATH COUNTLESS TIMES FROM OTHER VIOLENT AGENCIES, WILL HE NOW DIE IN TORTURE FROM A STRANGE PLANT POISON?

READ CHAPTER THREE OF THE UNKNOWN BONANZA!



# BRONKO BETSY SLOWS UP!



EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

## THE BLUE BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S CRUSADER  
OF  
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢





# GABBY HAYES

in THE  
ALARMING  
ADVENTURE

HESTER:  
LEAVE \$1000 IN THE  
STRANGLER'S HAND OR  
GABBY HAYES WILL BE  
DEAD BEFORE THE  
END OF THE WEEK.  
AND I'LL BLOW UP THE  
RANCH, TOO.  
DYNAMITE D.

AUNT HESTER GETS  
THE MAIL...ONE LETTER  
...AND IT TURNS OUT  
TO BE BLACKMAIL!

HEAVENS!

BAR-NOTHING  
RANCH

U.S.  
MAIL

OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE!  
AND I DON'T DARE TELL  
GABBY OR HE'D GO TRAIPS-  
ING OUT TO LOOK FOR THIS  
MYSTERIOUS DYNAMITE D.  
AND GET HIMSELF  
KILLED; MOST  
LIKELY.

I'LL PUT OUT THE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS. BUT I'LL HAVE TO WAIT  
'TILL TOMORROW. IT'S TOO LATE  
TO GO TO THE BANK TODAY!

NIGHTFALL...  
AND A  
SINISTER  
FIGURE  
MOVES  
CAUTIOUSLY  
TOWARD  
THE DEAD  
TREE  
KNOWN AS  
THE  
STRANGLER'S  
HAND!

CURSES! THAT  
RICH OLD HESTER  
DIDN'T LEAVE  
ANYTHING FOR  
ME!



NEXT DAY, OUT ON THE RANGE ...

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE MAIL. KEEP A-WORKING, BOYS, WHILE I MOSEY BACK TO THE HOUSE AND SEE WHAT WE GOT.



AS GABBY RIDES BACK, HESTER HAS ALREADY TAKEN THE MAIL FROM THE BOX ... A PACKAGE AND A LETTER!

YOU'LL BE SORRY!  
DYNAMITE D.

HEAVENS! IT'S TICKING! IT MUST BE A TIME BOMB!



HEY, HESTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS PACKAGE IS TICKING! IT MUST BE A BOMB! I'M DOUGING IT!



I HOPE IT'S NOT PLUMB RUINED!

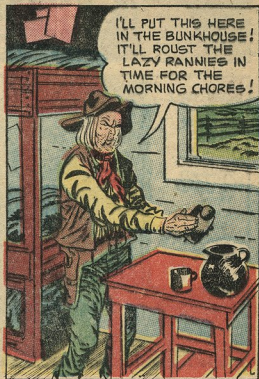


HOOTING HAYRIDES, HESTER! YUH DANG NEAR WRECKED! THIS NEW ALARM CLOCK I GOT FROM THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE!

A CLOCK!



I'LL PUT THIS HERE IN THE BUNKHOUSE! IT'LL ROUST THE LAZY RANNIES IN TIME FOR THE MORNING CHORES!





NIGHT--AS AUNT HESTER SLIPS OUT THE FRONT DOOR---

I'LL LEAVE THIS MONEY FOR DYNAMITE D. TONIGHT. THEN HE'LL SPARE GABBY'S LIFE!



AROUND BACK, A PAIR OF FUN-LOVING COW-HANDS MOVE STEALTHILY.

GABBY'S ASLEEP! HEAR HIM SNORING?

WE'LL PUT THIS OLD TIMEPIECE RIGHT NEXT TO HIS PILLOW. HE'LL JUMP A MILE WHEN IT GOES OFF!



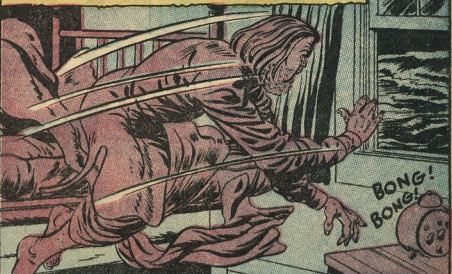
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

**BONG!**  
**BONG!**  
**BONG!**

YIPES!



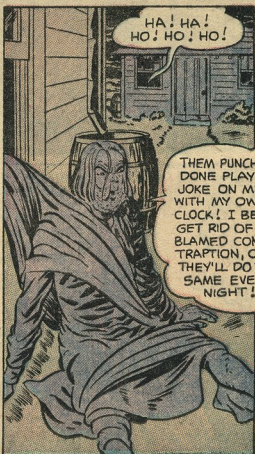
HALF-ASLEEP, GABBY THINKS IT'S A FIRE ALARM.



OOF!

**WHOMP!**

HA! HA!  
HO! HO! HO!



I'LL TOSS THE DABBURN THING INTO THE STRANGER'S HAND. THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT THERE---NOBODY GOES NEAR THAT SPOOKY TREE.

THEM PUNCHERS DONE PLAYED A JOKE ON ME WITH MY OWN CLOCK! I BETTER GET RID OF THE BLAMED CONTRAPTION, OR THEY'LL DO THE SAME EVERY NIGHT!

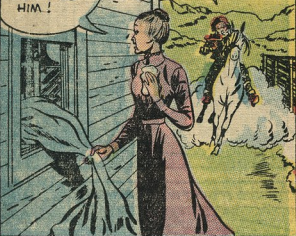




HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, GABBY RETURNS TO FIND HESTER WEeping.

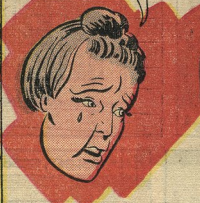
SOB ! SOB  
GABBY'S  
MISSING !  
DYNAMITE D.  
KIDNAPED  
HIM !

HEY, HESTER ! CUT THE  
BELLERING ! WHO'S  
DYNAMITE D ?



UNDER GABBY'S QUESTION-  
ING, HESTER BREAKS DOWN  
AND TELLS ALL.

...AND SO I DID WHAT  
THE NOTE SAID. I PUT A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A  
PACKAGE AND LEFT IT  
IN THAT HOLLOW TREE.



I'LL GET THAT  
MONEY BACK AND  
CATCH THE VARMINT,  
TOO !

OH, GABBY, DO  
BE CAREFUL.  
HE'S A  
KILLER !



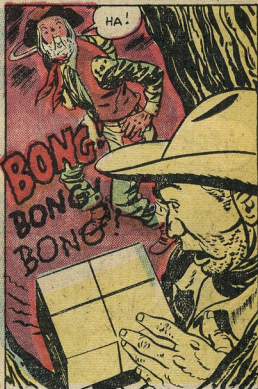
AT THAT MOMENT ---

HA, TWO PACKAGES ! MUST BE  
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN EACH  
ONE ! OH, OH ! A HORSE COMING.  
I'D BETTER HIDE !



THE MONEY'S  
GONE ! BUT  
I'LL GET IT  
BACK IF I  
HAVE TO  
TRAIL THAT  
SIDEWINDER  
TO THE ENDS  
OF THE  
EARTH !

HEH-HEH ! HE'LL  
NEVER THINK OF  
LOOKING FOR ME  
UP HERE !



ALL RIGHT, DYNAMITE D.,  
CLAMBER DOWN AND  
GET READY FOR THE  
CALABOOSE. BUT FIRST,  
TOSS OUT THAT PESKY  
CLOCK !

Y-YES,  
SIR !



THAT'S JUST A  
SAMPLE OF  
WHAT'LL HAPPEN  
TO YORE WORKS,  
MISTER, IF YUH  
TRY ANY MONKEY  
BUSINESS !





# gopher- face

MARBLE HEAD!

WHAT ARE YUH  
DOING OUTSIDE THE  
HOSPITAL, GOPHERFACE?

(SIGH) MY  
POOR UNCLE  
IS INSIDE!

HOSPITAL

YOUR UNCLE  
IS IN THE  
HOSPITAL?  
WHY, WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH HIM?

HE ATE A  
PIECE OF MARBLE  
CAKE I MADE IN  
HIS HONOR AND  
HE GOT VERY  
SICK!

HE GOT VERY  
SICK WHEN HE ATE  
A PIECE OF THE  
MARBLE CAKE YUH  
MADE? JEEPEERS,  
WHAT DID YUH  
PUT IN IT?

MARBLES,  
OF COURSE!

(GASP)!

YUH PUT MARBLES IN THE CAKE?  
NO WONDER YOUR POOR UNCLE  
IS SO SICK! HAVE THEY  
OPERATED ON HIM YET?

NO!  
THEY'VE  
TRIED,  
BUT...

OSP...HE KEEPS ROLLING  
OFF THE TABLE!

(GASP)!!!



# MONTE HALE

## and The Unknown Bonanza

### Chapter THREE THE SECRET IS TOLD!

**W**HILE COYOTE CAL AND HIS BADMEN RIDE TO ATTACK THE CABIN AGAIN, MONTE HALE FACES DEATH BY THE PRICK OF A POISONED THORN HELD BY THE SINISTER BOTANIST!

I'VE GOT TO  
PLAY FOR TIME  
IF I CAN!

GET READY FOR  
THE THORN, HALE!

WAIT, PURDY! TELL ME WHAT THE  
BIG BONANZA IS THAT YOU FOUND IN  
THE FOREST HERE! THAT'S THE LEAST  
YOU CAN GRANT ME BEFORE  
I DIE!

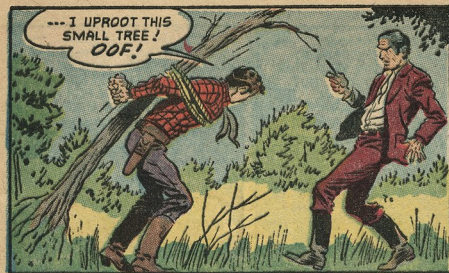
SURE, HALE,  
I'LL TELL  
YOU!

WHAT I FOUND WAS --- NO! WHY TELL  
YOU? THAT'LL BE THE BEST TORTURE  
OF ALL, LETTING YOU DIE WITHOUT  
KNOWING WHAT MY BIG MYSTERY  
STRIKE IS! HAW, HAW!  
THIS IS GREAT!

THE FIEND! BUT AT LEAST I  
GAINED TIME! HE DIDN'T  
NOTICE I'VE BEEN STRAIN-  
ING ALL THIS TIME! NOW  
FOR ONE BIG HEAVE,  
AND ---

HA! HA!  
HA!





--- I UPROOT THIS  
SMALL TREE!  
**OOF!**



YOU SLIPPED THIS TIME,  
PURDY! YOU TIED ME TO  
A TREE WITH SHALLOW  
AND BRITTLE ROOTS!

BUT I'LL STILL  
JAB YOU WITH  
THE POISONED  
THORN! YOU CAN'T  
RUN WITH THAT  
THING ON  
YOUR BACK!



NO, BUT I CAN  
WHIRL AND KNOCK  
YOU FLAT WITH  
IT!

**WHACK!**

**YAAAA!**



**MONTIE HAS TIME NOW TO WORK OFF HIS  
LOOSENED ROPES, AND SOON .....  
NO TIME TO TIE HIM UP! I'VE  
GOT TO STOP THE ATTACK AT THE  
CABIN BY COYOTE CAL!**



**MEANWHILE, COYOTE CAL HAS  
THINGS ALL HIS OWN WAY!**

THEY'RE SHOOTING WILD!  
THEY'RE SCARED TO DEATH!  
GET 'EM!

**BANG!**

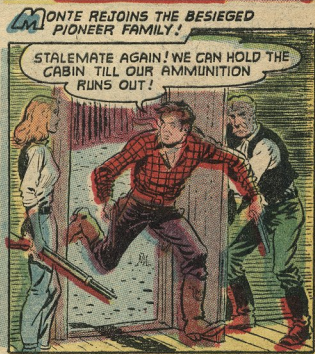
**BANG!**



A CROSSFIRE'LL DRIVE  
THEM BACK AGAIN! I'M  
JUST IN TIME!

**BANG!  
BANG!**

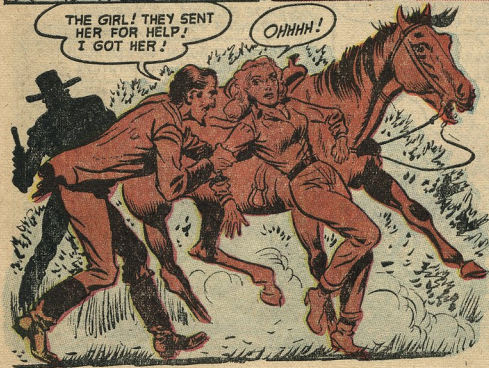
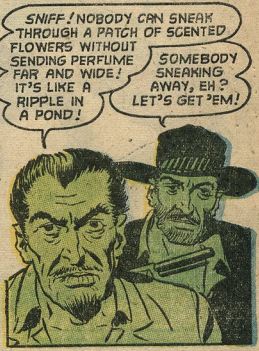
**ULPS!  
BACK,  
MEN!**



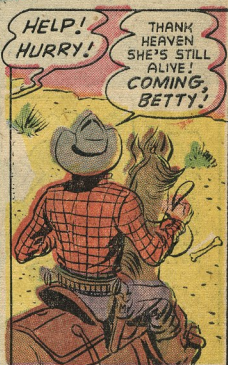
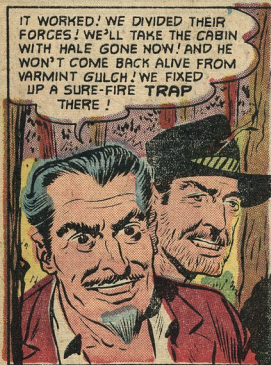
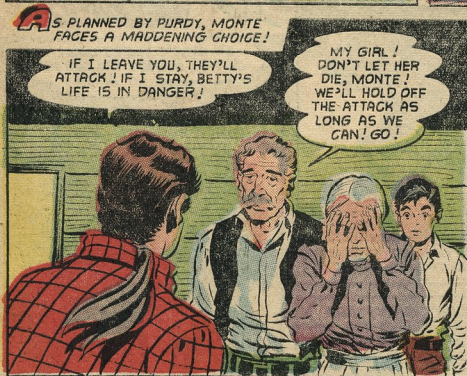
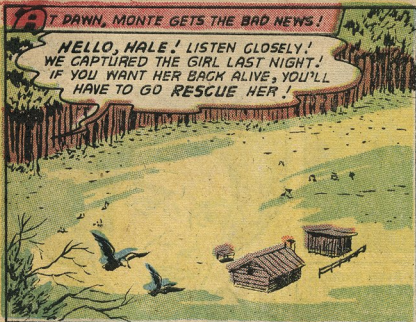
**MONTIE REJOINS THE BESIEGED  
PIONEER FAMILY!**

STALEMATE AGAIN! WE CAN HOLD THE  
CABIN TILL OUR AMMUNITION  
RUNS OUT!













COYOTES!  
HELP!

SHE'S ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THAT CHASM!

AND THOSE LOWDOWN COYOTES GUT  
DOWN THE BRIDGE THAT WAS HERE!  
ONLY WAY ACROSS IS TO JUMP! BUT  
FOR A HORSE, IT'S THE LONGEST  
JUMP I'VE EVER SEEN!



I'VE GOT TO TRY EVEN THOUGH  
I KNOW NO HORSE CAN MAKE IT  
CARRYING A MAN! IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

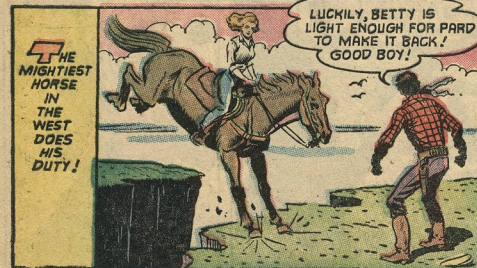


IT'S MONTE HALE DESPERATELY  
RIDING TO SURE DEATH?

THIS IS A TRAP THEY PLANNED  
FOR ME AND BETTY! IF I DON'T  
JUMP, BETTY DIES! IF I DO JUMP,  
IT'S A HUNDRED-TO-ONE CHANCE  
MAKING IT!



HURRY, BETTY! PARD  
WILL BRING YOU  
BACK TO ME!



THE  
MIGHTIEST  
HORSE  
IN  
THE  
WEST  
DOES  
HIS  
DUTY!

LUCKILY, BETTY IS  
LIGHT ENOUGH FOR PARD  
TO MAKE IT BACK!  
GOOD BOY!



SO HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF!  
JUMP, PARD! YOU CAN MAKE  
IT ALONE!



SAGETOWN IS NEAR HERE!  
WE STILL NEED A POSSE,  
SO I'LL DROP YOU OFF  
THERE, BETTY!

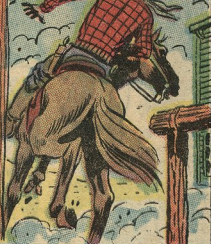


I'LL EXPLAIN TO THE SHERIFF AND BRING THE POSSE, MONTE!

RIGHT, BETTY! BACK TO THE CABIN FOR ME! MAKE TRACKS, PARD!

I ONLY HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE AND PURDY AND COYOTE CAL DIDN'T STORM THE CABIN BY NOW AND WIPE OUT THE DOBBINSONS!

**JAIL**



**B**UT THE BRAVE PIONEER FAMILY STILL HOLDS OUT, FIGHTING TO THE LAST DITCH!



**A**ND FINALLY---TO THE LAST BULLET!

NO MORE AMMUNITION! BE BRAVE, MA AND TOMMY! THIS IS IT!



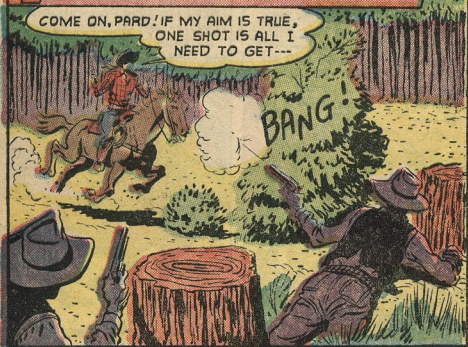
**M**ONTE HALE ARRIVES AND...

OH, OH, THE DOBBINSONS ARE OUT OF AMMUNITION! IT'S UP TO US, PARD! I'VE GOT A PLAN!



**I**S THE COWBOY HERO RIDING TO CERTAIN DEATH?

COME ON, PARD! IF MY AIM IS TRUE, ONE SHOT IS ALL I NEED TO GET---



---THAT BUSH! IF I BURST ENOUGH OF THOSE PODS AND LET THE FINE SPORES SPREAD LIKE DUST, A FIT OF SNEEZING WILL GET THE BARMEN!







IT WORKED! THEY ALL GOT A BIG DOSE! IT'S LIKE HAYFEVER!



GESUNDHEIT!

**B**EFORE THE CONFUSION IS OVER AND THE BADMEN CAN RECOVER, THE POSSE ARRIVES!



HEY! TAKE CARE OF DYOTE JAL AND HIS MEN! KEEF THAT OTHER SHANDER—FURDY!

YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED, PURDY! LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE WELL-KNOWN PRICKLY PLANT!



OWW!

AND THAT OTHER BUSH WAS A RARE ONE KNOWN AS THE SNEEZE BUSH OR PEPPER BUSH! AND I KNOW YOUR BIG SECRET NOW, PURDY! I FIGURED IT OUT! I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED BEFORE!



**GINS!** A VALUABLE MEDICINAL HERE THAT SELLS AS HIGH AS A HUNDRED DOLLARS A POUND! YOU FOUND THE WOODS HERE LOADED WITH IT! GREEN GOLD! WORTH A FORTUNE! SO YOU PLOTTED TO WIPE OUT THE HOME-STEADERS AND CASH IN ON IT!

**LATER...**

WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO FARM NOW, JUST PICK GINSENG LEAVES AND SELL THEM! HOW CAN WE REWARD YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, MONTE?



I JUST HAD MY REWARD, BETTY-- ONE OF MA DOBBINSON'S GOOD MEALS!

WELL, LET'S AMBLE ALONG, PARD! IF THERE'S ANY MORE EXCITEMENT AHEAD, I KIND OF HATE THE THOUGHT OF MISSING IT!





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**Merry Mailman**

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